

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

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Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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Frank C. Stuart, Watch and Clock Maker and Repairer, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich. A new and select assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, Yankee Notions, &c., just received. Prices low and terms cash. Patronage of the Public respectfully solicited. Grand Haven, March 21st, 1860.—in 64 ff

J. B. McNett, Physician and Surgeon. Office, second door above News Office, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third Mondays of each month. Office at the Court House, Grand Haven.

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Wm. M. Perry Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings, Ottawa Iron Works, Ferryburg, Ottawa Co., Mich. Post-Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

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Griffin & Co., Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Provisions, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Glass and Fancy Goods. At the old Store, corner of Washington and First Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Gentle Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St. 2d door below the Drug Store.

Lewis Porter, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Clothing Goods. No. 16, Canal St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Office, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 235, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Threshing Machines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Of at the hour when evening throws
Its gathering shades o'er hill and dale,
While half the scene in twilight glows
And half in sunlight glories still;
The thought of all that we have been,
And hoped, and feared, on life's long way.
(Remembrances of joy or pain.)
Come mingling with the close of day.

But, soft o'er each reviving scene
The chast'ning hues of memory spread;
And smiling each dark thought between,
Hope softens every tear we shed.
O, thus, when Death's long night comes on
And its dark shades around us lie,
May parting beams from memory's sun
Blend softly in our evening sky!

DEATH OF COL. ELLSWORTH.

The night had passed without any noteworthy incident. It had been thought possible that the rebels, who could undoubtedly have gained premonition of the movement, might fire the bridge by which other regiments were to advance upon them, and thus diminish the attacking force. Nothing of this kind, however, had been attempted, and as we steamed down the river there was no sign that we were expected. This seemed at first suspicious, especially as on nearing Alexandria we found it sharing the same appearance of repose. It was not till our boats were about to draw up to the wharf that our approach was noticed in any way; but at the latest minute a few sentinels, whom we had long discerned, fired their muskets in the air as a warning, and, running rapidly into the town, disappeared. The town was thus put on its guard, but so early was the hour, and so apparently unlooked for our arrival, that when we landed, about half-past 5 o'clock, the streets were as deserted as if it had been midnight.

Before our troops disembarked, a boat filled with armed marines, and carrying a flag of truce, put off from the *Panacea*, and landed ahead of us. From the officer in charge we learned that the *Panacea* had already proposed terms of submission to the town, and that the rebels had consented to vacate within a specified time. This seemed to settle the question of a contest in the negative; but in the confusion of mustering and forming the men, the intelligence was not well understood, and received but little attention. Indeed, I am quite sure that the *Panacea's* officer did not seek Col. Ellsworth, to communicate with him, and that the Col. only obtained a meager share of information by seeking it directly from the bearer of the flag of truce himself. No doubt this omission arose from the condition in which affairs then stood. But it would have caused no difference in the Colonel's military plans. No attack was meditated, except in case of a forcible resistance to his progress. On the other hand, the idea of the place being under a truce seemed to banish every suspicion of a resistance either from multitudes or individuals. It was just possibly this consideration that led Col. Ellsworth to forego the requisite personal precautions, which, if taken, would have prevented his unhappy death. But I am sure none of us at that time estimated the probability of the danger which afterward menaced us. Perhaps the thought of actual bloodshed and death in war was too foreign to our experiences to be rightly weighed. But it certainly did not enter our minds then, as poor Ellsworth's fate has since taught us it should have done, that a town half waked, half terrified, and under truce, could harbor any peril for us. So the Col. gave some rapid directions for the interruption of the railway course, by displacing a few rails near the depot, and then turned toward the center of the town to destroy the means of communication southward by telegraph; a measure which he appeared to regard as very seriously important. He was accompanied by Mr. H. J. Wisner, Military Secretary to the regiment, the chaplain, the Rev. E. W. Dodge, and myself. At first he summoned no guard to follow him, but afterward turned and called forward a single squad, with a Sergeant from the first company. We passed quickly through the streets, meeting a few bewildered travelers, issuing from the principal hotel, which seemed to be slowly coming to its daily senses, and were about to turn toward the telegraph, when the Col. caught sight of the secession flag which has so long swung insolently in full view of the President's House. He immediately sent back the Sergeant, with an order for the advance of the entire first company, and pushed on to the hotel, which proved to be the Marshall House, a second-class inn.

On entering the open door, the Colonel met a man in his shirt and trousers, of whom he demanded what sort of flag it was that hung above the roof. The stranger, who seemed greatly alarmed, declared that he knew nothing of it, and that he was only a boarder there. Without questioning him further the Col. sprang up stairs, and we all followed to the top-most story, whence, by means of a ladder, he clambered to the roof, cut down the flag with Wisner's knife, and brought it from the staff. There were two men

in bed in the garret whom we did not observe at all when we entered, their position being somewhat concealed, but who now rose in great apparent amazement, although I observed that they were more than half dressed. We at once turned to descend, private Brownell leading the way, and Ellsworth immediately following him with the flag. As Brownell reached the first landing place, or entry, after a descent of some dozen steps, a man jumped from a dark passage, and, hardly noticing the private, levelled a double-barreled gun at the Colonel. Brownell made a quick pass to turn the weapon aside, but the fellow's hand was firm, and he discharged one barrel straight to its aim, the buckshot with which it was loaded, entering the Colonel's heart, and killing him instantly. I think my arm was resting on poor Ellsworth's shoulder at the moment. At any rate he seemed to fall almost from my own grasp. He was on the second or third step from the landing, and he dropped forward with that heavy, horrible, headlong weight which always comes of sudden death inflicted in this manner. His assailant had turned like a flash to give the contents of the other barrel to Brownell, but either could not command his aim or the Zouave was too quick, for the slugs went over his head, and passed through the panels and wainscot of a door which sheltered some sleeping lodgers. Simultaneous with this second shot, and sounding like the echo of the first, Brownell's rifle was heard, and the assassin staggered backward. He was hit exactly in the middle of the face, and the wound, as I afterward saw, it was the most frightful I ever witnessed. Of course Brownell did not know how fatal his shot had been, and so before the man dropped, he thrust his sabre bayonet through the body, the force of the blow sending the dead man violently down the upper section of the second flight of stairs, at the foot of which he lay with his face to the floor. Wisner ran from above crying, "Who is hit?" but as he glanced downward by our feet, he needed no answer.

Bewildered for an instant by the suddenness of this attack, and not knowing what more might be in store, we forbore to proceed, and gathered together defensively. There were but seven of us altogether, and one was without a weapon of any kind. Brownell instantly reloaded, and while doing so perceived the door through which the assassin's shot had passed, beginning to open. He brought his rifle to the shoulder, and menaced the occupants, two travelers, with immediate death if they stirred. The three other privates guarded the passages, of which there were quite a number converging to the point where we stood, while the Chaplain and Wisner looked to the staircase by which we had descended, and the adjoining chambers. I ran down stairs to see if anything was threatened from the story below, but it soon appeared there was no danger from that quarter. However, we were not at all disposed to move from our position. From the opening doors, and through the passages, we discovered a sufficient number of forms to assure us that we were dreadfully in the minority. I think now that there was no danger, and that the single assailant acted without concert with anybody; but it is impossible to know accurately, and it was certainly a doubtful question then. The first thing to be done was to look to our dead friend and leader. He had fallen on his face, and the streams of blood that flowed from his wound had literally flooded the way. The Chaplain turned him gently over, and I stooped and called his name aloud, at which I thought then he murmured inarticulately. I presume I was mistaken, and I am not sure that he spoke a word after being struck, although in my dispatch I repeated a single exclamation which I believe he uttered. It might have been Brownell, or the Chaplain, who was close behind me. Wisner and I lifted the body with all the care we could apply, and laid it upon a bed in a room near by. The rebel flag, stained by his blood and purified by this contact from the baseness of its former meaning, we laid about his feet. It was at first difficult to discover the precise locality of his wound, for all parts of his coat were equally saturated with blood. By cautiously loosening his belt and unbuttoning his coat, we found where the shot had penetrated. None of us had any medical knowledge, but we saw that all hope must be resigned. Nevertheless, it seemed proper to summon the surgeon as speedily as possible. This could not be easily done, for, secluded as we were in that part of the town, and uncertain whether an ambush might not be awaiting us also, no man could venture to venture forth alone, and to go together, and leave the Colonel's body behind, was out of the question. We wondered at the long delay of the first company, for the advances of which the Colonel had sent back before approaching the hotel, but we subsequently learned that they had mistaken a street, and gone a little out of their way. Before they arrived we had removed some of the unsightly stains from the Colonel's features, and composed his limbs. The expression in death was

beautifully natural. The Colonel was a singularly handsome man, and, excepting the pallor, there was nothing different in his countenance now from what all his friends had so lately been accustomed to gladly recognize. The detachment was heard approaching at last, a reinforcement was easily called up, and the surgeon was sent for. His arrival, not long after, of course sealed our own unhappy belief. A sufficient guard was presently distributed over the house, but meanwhile I had remembered the Colonel's earnestness about the telegraph seizure, and obtained permission to guide a squad of Zouaves to the office. It was found entirely deserted. When I returned to the hotel, there was a terrible scene enacting. A woman had run from a lower room to the stairway where the body of the defender of the secession flag lay, and, recognizing it, cried aloud with an agony so heart-rending that no person could witness it without emotion. She flung her arms in the air, struck her brow unavailingly, and seemed in every way utterly abandoned to desolation and frenzy. She offered no reproaches—appeared indeed almost regardless of our presence, and yielded only to her own frantic despair. It was her husband that had been shot. He was the proprietor of the hotel. His name was James T. Jackson. Wisner was confident it was the same man who met us at the door when we entered, and told us he was a boarder. His wife, as I said, was wild almost to insanity. Yet she listened when spoken to, and although no consolation could be offered her by us for what she had lost, she seemed sensible to the assurance that the safety of her children, for whom she expressed fears, could not possibly be endangered.

It is not from any wish to fasten obloquy upon the slayer of Col. Ellsworth, but simply because it struck me as a frightful fact, that I say the face of the dead man wore the most revolting expression of rage and hatred that I ever saw. Perhaps the nature of his wound added to this effect, and the wound was something so appalling that I shall not attempt to describe it as it impressed me. It is probable that such a result from a bullet wound could not ensue once in a thousand times. Either of Brownell's onslaughts would have been instantaneously fatal. The sabre wound was not less effective than that of the ball. The gun which Jackson had fired lay beneath him, clasped in his arms, and as we did not at first all know that both barrels had been discharged, it was thought necessary to remove it, lest it should be suddenly seized and made use of from below. In doing this his countenance was revealed.

As the morning advanced, the townspeople began to gather in the vicinity, and a guard was fixed, preventing ingress and egress. This was done to keep all parties from knowing what had occurred, for the Zouaves were so devoted to their Colonel that it was feared if they all were made acquainted with the real fact, they would sack the house. On the other hand, it was not thought wise to let the Alexandrians know thus early the fate of their townsman. The Zouaves were the only regiment that had arrived, and their head and soul was gone. Several persons sought admission to the Marshall House, among them a sister of the dead man, who had heard the rumor, but who was not allowed to know the true state of the case. It was painful to hear her remark, as she went away, that "of course they would shoot a man dead in his own house about a bit of old bunting."

At about seven o'clock a mounted officer rode up, and informed us that the Michigan First had arrived, and had captured a troop of rebels, who had at first demanded time for reflection, but who afterward concluded to yield at discretion. Not long after this, the surgeon made arrangements for the conveyance of Col. Ellsworth's body to Washington. It was properly veiled from sight, and, with great tenderness, taken by a detachment of the Zouaves and the 71st New York Regiment (a small number of whom, I neglected to state, embarked in the morning at the Navy-Yard, and came down with us) to the steamboat, by which it was brought to the Navy-Yard.

A tall man called to see Governor Morgan, at Albany, the other day, and desired to volunteer. He thought he should like to meet Jeff. Davis. The Governor asked:

"Do you know anything of tactics?"
"Well, a little; think I could lead a company—just as soon go in the ranks."
"And what is your name?"
"May—Col. May. You may remember me."

If Col. May, late of the United States dragoons—the man who resigned because he was maltreated by Jefferson Davis when the latter was Secretary of War—gets at the head of a regiment, we may see the tremendous feats of Palo Alto repeated.

The celebrated Armstrong guns are going out of favor. They were quite useless in the China war, and when hit with shot are easily destroyed.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Companions of the Bath—Soap and towels.

—Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avails all things.

—Modesty is the red rose that is worn over a white heart.

—An Irishman's sweet heart—A bullock's heart stuffed with tracle.

—Men wounded by the explosion of bomb shells, are wounded mortally.

—A preacher should not wink at the vices of his congregation nor at the young ladies.

—False friends, like our shadows, keep close to us in the sunshine, and vanish in the shade.

—"You give me quite a turn," as the thief-remarked when he was put upon the treadmill.

—Remedy for fits—Buy your clothes at a shop-keep, and you will never have a fit afterward.

—Prentice styles the leaning tower of Pisa, the great *Italic* in the literature of architecture.

—No maiden ever unlocked her heart to a lover, but a kiss was the first prisoner to fly out.

—Horace Greeley once gave his idea of happiness as a whole day upon the sofa with a new book.

—Napoleon was ambitious to rule a nation; Washington was ambitious that a nation should rule itself.

—We must reconcile ourselves to our enemies when we are dying, remarked an old toper, as he called for water.

—Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health, but it is a capital one for drinking your own.

—True friends are like true diamonds, scarce but precious. False ones are like the leaves of the forest, without number.

—A little boy being asked at Sunday School, "what is the chief end of man?" answered, "the end what's got the head on."

—A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is one mutton as is small."

—Do, if you can, a man of hard and severe thought, but avoid making yourself the subject of the hard and severe thoughts of your neighbors.

—An independent man is said to be one who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror.

—"Good morning, Mr. Henpeck, have you any daughters that would make good type setters?" "Not exactly, but I have a wife that would make a first rate devil."

—Madame de Stael says, there is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love, that leads to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

—Why there are more women than men is explained by Dr. Quincy: "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature; we have always more of heaven than heart."

—Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when in reality it is only a full stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake pudding for principle.

—"O, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice-boy, it is wonderful to see what a quantity you eat." "Yes, master," replied the boy, "I have been practicing since I was a child."

—"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute please."

"What on earth shall I do that for, pet?"

"Cause I want to draw an elephant."

—They mean to raise all students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says "that its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate 500 students three stories high."

—"Julius, why didn't you oblige your stay at the seaside?"

"Kase, Mr. Smith, 'ey charge so much."

"How so, Julius?"

"Why, de landlord charged dis colored individual with stealing de silver spoons."

—A candidate for office calls at the residence of a gentleman to solicit his vote:

Candidate—"Madame, is your husband about?"

Lady—"Yes, sir; he has gone to haul a dead dog away, and will be back directly."

Candidate—"Sheep killing dog, I reckon, Madam?"

Fierce spoken urchin—"No, sir, just barked himself to death at candidates—so pap said."

The best Tool for Tillage.

The stirring of the soil, after the crops are started, is a matter of the first importance. From one half to three-fourths of a crop of corn may be made by tillage alone. On old land, well stocked with weeds, not over twenty bushels to the acre could be realized without cultivation. Twice hoeing and cultivating would probably add ten bushels to the acre, and twice more would bring the crop up to forty bushels per acre. We have seen estimates from farmers, who experienced upon this point, showing that, every hoeing added from five to ten bushels to the acre.

A great deal of ingenuity has been expended upon the implements of tillage. The hoe is good enough, but for its expense. The light horse plow, or sweep, is much more economical; but these tools require two or three furrows to each row, and are a pretty heavy tax upon the strength of the horse. The horse harrow, and cultivator, are great improvements upon the plow, for they are much lighter, and stir the ground deep enough. The horse-hoe is a much lighter implement than the cultivator, and if a farmer is investing in new tools, he should get this in preference to the cultivator. It is merely a question of economizing the strength of the horse. A good steel-toothed cultivator will make a clean sweep of every weed within an inch of the rows of corn, and stir the ground deep enough. A horse-hoe could not do the work much better, though it would draw easier, and a horse might get over a little more ground in a day.

We need not so much better implements of tillage, as a more frequent use of those we have. Corn can be cultivated wholly with the horse, after the first weeding, if the rows run both ways; and we doubt if any better use can be made of horse flesh, after the first of June, than to keep it running between the rows of corn. We are confident that five times cultivating will pay much better than once, or twice. As between the horse-hoe, and the steel-toothed cultivator, upon smooth land, we should say that is the best which is most used.

Agriculturist, May.

GALLS ON HORSES.—As the heat and labors of the season increase, horses will suffer from various flesh-wounds, which, if not immediately cured, will cause great suffering to the horse, and waste of temper and time to the owner. Let, therefore, a hint or two be now heeded:

Prevention is better than cure. In the first place, be sure that your harness is in perfect working order. See to it especially, that the collar fits well, and is smooth and hard. If the inner surface is rough, it must chafe, and soon wear off the skin. A loose layer of leather under the collar, is a good contrivance to lessen friction upon the animal's neck and shoulders.

While Spring work is pressing, let the horses' shoulders be washed every other morning, with a solution of alum and whiskey. This being a powerful astringent, will serve to toughen the skin and prevent its breaking. At night, when coming home from work, sweaty and sore, let the shoulders be washed with tepid water, then rubbed dry. If notwithstanding these precautions galls occur on the breast or back, wash them clean, then apply an ointment made by mixing together a spoonful of pulverized alum and the white of an egg.

LOOK BEFORE YOU RUN.—SNAKES.—When you hear a strange noise, or see some unexpected object, make it a rule to find out what it is, instead of giving way to fear and running as if for life. All sorts of "ghost" stories have started from the silly fright of some coward who had not the courage to examine the cause of his fear. A ludicrous anecdote is related of a man who was mortally afraid of snakes. He had moved into a new country where these reptiles were rather plenty, and for a long time he would scarcely venture into his fields. One fine day he went to examine some oats that were nearly ripe, and took with him an old scythe sheath, which he carried over his shoulders, to have it ready for defence if he should meet a snake. Presently, on casting a glance behind him, there appeared a monstrous black snake winding after him. One look was enough, and away he ran, dodging and bounding through the oats, the snake after him, until he was almost dead with fear. As he climbed the fence on the opposite side of the field, he discovered that the supposed snake was only the shadow of his scythe sheath. One careful look would have saved him all his fright.

SINGLE FLOWERS MADE DOUBLE.—A change from single to double petals is brought about by high culture. Seeds from the most perfect flowers are saved and sown upon rich soil each season. It is usually several years before a fixed change is effected; and even then there is a tendency to return to the original form, unless under good culture.

THE NEW PLANET.—The new planet (the 65th) has been named Maximilian.